

## THE RUSES OF THE QUAIL

BIRD'S WONDERFUL ART OF HIDING FROM ITS FOES.

An Indian Can Tell a Deer Where a White Man Can See Only Unmarked Ground, But He Cannot Detect a Hiding Quail.

Any man who has shot quail steadily will have noted the bird's tricks and manners in hiding. It is the quail's instinct to trust first and last to its protective coloration.

Bevies which have not been much shot at will take wing more readily than others, because their members have not learned that they are least safe when in the air. In well-hunted fields quail will lie until the dog's nose or the man's foot is within a yard of them.

There is no doubt that however thick the cover and skillfully chosen the hiding place the dog often sees them before they flush, but the man seldom does. It is easy enough for the man to tell when the dog does see as well as scent his quarry. The animal's eyes show it plainly.

Then, if he chooses, the man may stand motionless and search the ground and cover again and again, but the chances are much against his distinguishing any bird forms. This is the more singular, as he knows exactly the size, shape and color of the quail and ought to be able to pick it out. Probably the human eye takes in too much territory at once and has an indisposition to focus itself upon a small space.

Indians are by inheritance and constant practice the best trailers in the world. They will see a deer's track, or the slight impression of the wolf's paws, where a white man can see only unmarked ground, but an Indian cannot see a hiding quail any better than another human.

This has been tried often. Indeed, Indian youths on the Western reservations pursue quail viciously with bows and arrows and kill many, but they shoot them when perched in high trees. They do not make ground shots often. The best hand at this kind of sport the country has ever known was the late Maurice Thompson, who was much of a toxophile and sang and wrote the praises of the bow. He used the old-fashioned weapon for two reasons: There was a good deal of the poet in him, and he was a born poacher.

The latter was the stronger reason. The bow makes no noise, and the farmer in his field a quarter mile away did not know that a city dweller was murdering his birds within call.

Nothing so delighted Thompson as the sight of a weather-beaten sign, showing dimly: "No Shot in This Premis." That was the "premis" he wanted to shoot on. The farmer could get even with him only by finding his bicycle hidden somewhere near the road and breaking out its spokes.

In hunting quail with the bow Thompson displayed great patience and knowledge of the habits of the birds. He knew where they were to be found and moved slowly and gently. Often he would hear them running and cheeping before he saw them.

He would drive them thus for 100 or 200 yards, keeping near them, cautious not to frighten them into flight. When one of them crossed an open space or stopped in an open space to look for the remainder of the bevy, he let drive.

Nearly all of his quail were killed while running. If they flushed he marked them down and followed them as before. Often he would kill a half dozen from one bevy before they became so scattered that he could not find them. He did not attempt to discover them once they had taken to hiding separately, because he knew that he could not do it.

Through thousands of years of effort to protect itself from its many foes the quail has developed a back, wing and neck covering which blends perfectly with any brown objects of woods or fields—earth-clods, cornstalks, fender, dead or half dead grasses, fallen leaves, underbrush, twigs, old logs and so forth.

The males have never lost the betraying stripe of white over the eye, and it seems singular that this traitor stripe remains. As the preservation of females is more important than that of males the eye-stripe of the females is brown.

The breast feathers of the quail are of no assistance at all, being distinctive. In hiding the bird covers every one of these feathers. The belly and breast are pressed to the ground, the short tail is depressed, concealing the light underfeathers, the head is drawn down upon the shoulders, the wings are jammed tightly against the body.

Only the telltale white stripe remains and in order to conceal that as much as possible the quail will squat with its back to its pursuer. It prefers a slight depression, and if it can find one it true it squats with its back flush with the surface of the ground. It is then absolutely indistinguishable save for the stripe.

A man who wishes to discover a rock quail in form must look solely for the stripe. If he fixes its appearance in his mind and lets his eye search solely for it he may find his bird, though the chances are largely against him. But for the ability of the quail to conceal its breast and belly feathers they would have turned brown long ago.

The quail understands its surroundings and chances of escape as well as the man does. Sometimes it is impossible to dislodge it from a favorite bit of cover.

This is generally a thicker so dense that accurate shooting is not to be thought of. So placed, the quail will flush a dozen times just in front of the

dog, going not more than a dozen yards to right or left and dropping suddenly, immediately running for twenty or thirty yards. A gunner has often followed one quail in this way for half a day, expended a lot of shells and never got a feather.

On snow the bird realizes that its hue is no protection at all, and runs fast, flushes at long distances and flies far. Waking in the morning to find the white mantle over everything, it knows that a dangerous time is ahead of it and it is constantly on the alert. The ruff grouse is scarce wilder.

There is quite a shade of difference in the color of quail which feed and roost in open fields and those which have woods for a habitat. The woods birds are always darker; they are all ways of stronger and more erratic flight and are generally larger. This variation is sometimes so marked as to lead people into believing that the country contains a dozen varieties of the Bob White.

The quail when wounded or closely pressed occasionally makes use of queer hiding places. Hunting once over country thinly settled with cactus Du Val West, of San Antonio, Texas, flushed a single bird which he missed with both barrels.

The quail pitched not more than 200 yards off. Again his faithful dog found it and again two cartridges were wasted. The quail was marked down once more and the dog came to a point.

Going forward West saw a hole in the bare ground some six inches in diameter; its bottom was out of sight. The dog was pointing the hole, its flaring nostrils within two inches of it. Anxious to see the end of it West called "Seek dead! Seek dead!" The dog plunged its head into the hole, grabbed the quail and dragged it out by the tail.

Once above ground the bird wrenched itself free, leaving all of its tail feathers in the dog's mouth, and buzzed away in very erratic flight. West missed again.

Quail will take refuge in snake holes, in hollow logs and in hollow trees, going headlong into places which are pitch dark. They have been known to pitch in a farmer's front yard and run under the house among the chickens.

If the snow is a foot deep and loose enough they will pitch upon it head downward and bury themselves. Often the loose snow falls together at the point of entrance and then the quail is securely hidden, as its scent will not come to the surface. Often, however, the snow shows where the bird has plunged.

In the South and West there are many men who habitually hunt quail without dogs and make fair bags. They possess, of course, an intimate knowledge of the ground and know where the birds are to be found at any hour of the day. No human being, however, is a good quail retriever, and these men lose all winged birds as well as a good many of those killed in air.—New York Sun.

**Berkshire Sweethearts.**  
Here is a conversation between a pair of Berkshire sweethearts:  
"John," quoth she, "why doesn't 'ee say summat?"

John reflected. "'Cause I ha'n't got nothin' to say," he replied.  
Again there was silence, and once more it was the woman who took the initiative:

"John," she inquired, tenderly, "why doesn't 'ee tell me that 'ee loves me?"  
"'Cause I've telled 'ee that afore," answered John, who evidently disapproved of vain repetitions.

But the lady was tenacious of her privileges and not easily daunted.  
"John," she asked, for the third time, "why doesn't 'ee gimme a kiss?"  
The tardy wooer pondered long.

"I be gwine to, presenly," he said, at length.—Cripple Creek Times.

**Penological Philosophy.**  
"Inmates of the penitentiary have a way of making remarks and asking questions that are sometimes startling," remarked a prison official.

"Give me a sample?" replied the Observer.

"The other day two of the men were talking over plans for the future after their respective terms had expired. One of them exclaimed: 'When I get out of here I intend to go so far away that it will take \$9 to send a postal card to reach me.'"

"And how do you 'spect to get dere yourself?" inquired a colored man, who knew that finances were not flush among the inmates of the big prison. The conversation ceased at that point, for the negro had plumped out a poser.—Columbus Dispatch.

**The Inquisitive Yankee Abroad.**  
A curious American arrived in London yesterday morning. Here are a few of the questions he asked in the evening: Why do butchers wear blue aprons which will not show dirt, while assistants in boot shops wear immaculate white aprons? Why is footwear "boots," while the boy who polishes them is a "shoe" black? Why is there no direct bus from London Bridge station to Waterloo? Why is the post restante in the largest city in the world not open all night? Why do many women wear straw hats in the winter? Why can't you get breakfast in a restaurant within reasonable time after "sun-up"? When is "sun-up" anyhow?—London Chronicle.

**Sheep Raising in New Mexico.**  
New Mexico is a great sheep country. There is but one other State or Territory which excels it in sheep raising. That is Utah, where there are 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 sheep. New Mexico has about 6,000,000. The industry was never so prosperous as at present.

In Russia factories are usually near forests, wood being still the chief fuel.

## OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

**Curious.**  
Oh, dollars are mysterious things. Their habits oft appal. You've either got a lot of them Or next to none at all. —Washington Star.

**A Possibility.**  
Papa—"A young woman can not be too careful about the man she accepts." She—"Oh! I don't know! She might be so careful that she'd remain single." —Puck.

**An Appropriate Vehicle.**  
"She seems to be a stickler for doing everything appropriately." "I should say so; she always does her marketing in a basket phaeton." —Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

**Compulsory.**



"Does your doggie love you?" "You betcher your life he does! I'd kick de stuffin' out of him if he didn't."

**Not Even a Flag Station.**  
Colonel Passenger—"That last station was my destination, sah. Why in heaven's name, sah, didn't you stop thar?"  
Conductor—"We don't stop there any more; the engineer's mad at the station agent."—Judge.

**As It Is Spoken.**  
Laborer (waving flag)—"Yez'll hav tur back. This street's closed." Driver—"What's it closed for?" Laborer—"Bekase it's jist been opened by the tellyphone company ter put down their wires. That's why it's closed."—Philadelphia Press.

**Functions.**  
"We have neither rank nor station in this country," said the man of democratic instincts.

"We may not have rank," said the suburbanite, "but our railroad has just given us a brand-new station, and we don't want it overlooked, either."—Washington Star.

**His Destructive Moments.**  
"Young man," said the solemn-looking gentleman in the throng, "do you know you are on the path to quick destruction?"  
"I do," replied the youth, as he detached himself and hastened forward, for he had only ten minutes to spend in the quick-lunch room. —Baltimore News.

**Delicate Differentiation.**  
"It has been intimated that you think a great deal of your money," said the candid adviser.  
"That is a libel," said Senator Sorghum. "I don't think much of my money. I'm willing to let it be quiet. It is the money that isn't mine and that I hope to get that keeps me thinking."—Washington Star.

**An Invitation.**  
"Phew!" exclaimed the silk tile in the hatter's window. "How that wind does howl out there!"  
"Rather sociable sound, though," replied the black felt.  
"Sociable?"  
"Yes; sounds as if it was saying: 'Come out and I'll blow you off.'" —Catholic Standard and Times.

**As It Seemed to Him.**



Pat (to restive steed, which, after a busy ten minutes, has succeeded in getting its foot in the stirrup)—"Och, sure, if ye're going to get up, it's time for me to get down." —Moonshine.

**A Specialist.**  
"Do you know how to do plain and fancy cooking, bake bread, wash and iron, take care of the furnace, bathe the baby and wait on the table?"  
"What wages do yez pay?"  
"Fourteen dollars." "No, ma'am. All I kin do is cook." "Oh, well, that's different. We'll pay you \$20." —New York Sun.

**Original Sources.**  
The man with the corrugated brow was reading intently. His inquisitive friend stood it as long as he could and asked:  
"What are you reading?"  
"I am studying the origin of the American policeman," said the man with the corrugated brow as he held up a history of Ireland.—Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald.

## RELIABLE DAIRY MEN. DIRECTORY OF LEGITIMATE DEALERS.

The following dairymen are known to the Editor of the CITIZEN as reliable producers, who own their own herds of cattle and deliver their own product. There are no milk hucksters in this list.

**BENNING FARM DAIRY,**  
J. P. REILLY, Proprietor.  
Benning, D. C.

Established 1892. Pure milk right from the farm served in sealed jars twice a day. Customers are invited to inspect my dairy at their pleasure.

**HILLOCK DAIRY,**  
JOHN BERGLING, Proprietor.  
Brentwood Road, Md.

Established 1894. Pure milk served to my customers fresh from the dairy every morning.

**OAK GROVE DAIRY,**  
D. MCCARTHY, Proprietor.  
Bladensburg Road, D. C.

Established 1895. Fresh milk delivered direct from my dairy farm every morning. Two deliveries a day contemplated soon.

**St. John's Park Dairy,**  
Mary Harriet Hatcher, Prop.  
Brookland, D. C.

Established 1896. Pure milk delivered every morning. We invite an inspection of our place at all times.

ES Milk for children a specialty.

**BRIGHTWOOD DAIRY,**  
MRS. C. ROBINSON, Proprietor.  
Brightwood, D. C.

Established 1895. We deliver morning's milk only every morning. Our night's milk is all sold to dealers.

**L. T. JONES & CO.**  
EXPERT  
Mattress Makers,  
633 H St. N. W., near 7th St.  
Telephone Main 1409.

Any kind of mattresses made to order. Old mattresses re-made as comfortable as new ones. Special attention given to out of town orders.  
Seventeen Years of actual experience.

**THOMAS W. SMITH,**  
Lumber & Merchant,  
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, GLASS AND MILL WORK,  
Washington, D. C.  
Office, 1st St. and Indiana Ave. N. W.  
Mill, F. O. N. J. Ave. S. E.  
Wharf, 4th St. Eastern Branch.

**LADIES' TAILOR-MADE SUITS.**  
NEW YORK  
LADIES' and GENTS' FASHIONABLE TAILOR  
Suits made to order in the most approved fashion.

**I. MORRIS,** 409 East Capitol St.  
Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing.  
PRICES REASONABLE.

**C. E. BURNS,**  
Dealer in  
Groceries, Teas,  
Meats and Provisions.  
COR. FIFTH AND EAST CAPITOL ST.

**WALKING WILL**  
BE A PLEASURE  
—if you'll remember to rub a little  
"PRIMACURA"  
—on your feet before going to bed. It takes away aches and pains—relieves the soreness—reduces swollen joints.  
ALL DRUGGISTS sell  
"Primacura." 25c, 50c, and \$1 bottle. 25c size, by mail, 25c.

**Primacura Co.,** OFFICE, 920 F St.  
Laboratory, 1840 7th St.



**MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.**  
THE GREAT HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.  
They bring Health, Strength and Happiness to the Weak and Convalescent.  
An Unexcelled Appetizer.  
MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO.,  
400 North 3d Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
\$1.00 per Bottle.  
MISHLER'S RED LABEL BITTERS unexcelled for all Female Complaints. \$1.50 per bottle.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**CONGRESS HEIGHTS DAIRY,**  
JOSEPH WAHLER & SON, Proprietors.  
CONGRESS HEIGHTS, D. C.

Established 1863. We deliver pure milk direct from the farm every morning.

**PAYNE'S FARM DAIRY,**  
M. J. PAYNE, Proprietor.  
Bladensburg, Maryland.

Established 1896. It is my aim to serve my customers with the very best quality of milk. ES I invite an inspection at any time.

**NATIONAL PARK DAIRY**  
J. P. MORROW, Proprietor.  
Broad Branch Road, D. C.

Established 1884. Pure milk from sound, healthy cattle delivered to all parts of Washington.

**HOYLE'S FARM DAIRY,**  
MRS. A. J. HOYLE, Proprietor.  
Congress Heights, D. C.

Established 1896. We serve first-class milk all bottled on the farm. Dairy always open to inspections.

**Buena Vista Dairy,**  
O. A. LANDON, Proprietor.  
Sutland Road, near Sutland, Md.

Established 1896. I am on the farm with fifty head of cattle and deliver only pure milk that will always bear inspection.

**PALISADES DAIRY,**  
W. L. MALONE, Proprietor.  
[Conduit Road, D. C.]

Established 1892. Pure milk and cream served in any part of the city every morning. ES All orders by mail promptly attended to.

**CHILLUM FARM DAIRY,**  
WM. McKAY, Proprietor.  
Woodburn, (Terra Cotta), D. C.

Established 1890. I serve pure milk right from the farm every morning. ES I think the best is none too good for my customers.

**Douglas Place Farm Dairy**  
EDW. PARKHAM, Proprietor.  
Douglas Place, Benning Road, D. C.

Established 1896. I spare neither pains nor expense in trying to produce milk that is A No. 1 in quality. Plant always open to inspection.

**TERRELL'S DAIRY.**  
S. TERRELL, Proprietor.  
Arlington, Virginia.

Established 1891. I serve milk straight from the farm every morning. My milk will stand the test every time.

**Glen Ellen Farm Dairy,**  
GEO. T. KNOTT, Proprietor.  
Conduit Road, D. C.

Established 1896. Milk from my dairy is guaranteed to be both clean and pure. ES I always collect the closest inspection.

**LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE BUGGY FACTORY ON EARTH** WRITE FOR PRICES AND CATALOGUE

OUR GOODS ARE THE BEST—OUR PRICE THE LOWEST  
**PARRY MFG. CO., Indianapolis, Ind.**

**Suits for \$1.00.** Gentlemen's Suits cleaned and pressed for \$1.00!!! Make 'em look like new. Altering and Repairing Done in First-class style. Goods called for and delivered.

**HAHN'S** 705 9th Street N. W. Washington Phone 143-2.

**THE IRVINGTON HOUSE,**  
TENALLYTOWN, D. C.  
Again Open for Business.  
After being closed up for four months, and after making a most desperate fight for my rights I have won and will be glad to see all my old friends at the old stand. Nothing but the best for everybody.  
**Ernest Loeffler, Proprietor.**

**AUGUSTUS BURGDORF CO.,** ...FURNISHING...  
Undertaker & Embalmer,  
2009 Seventh St. N. W.,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
**Augustus Burdorf Co.,**  
Cabinet Making and Upholstering,  
Decorating and Painting.  
2009 Seventh St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

**White Lily Patent**  
A HIGH GRADE FLOUR  
Manufactured by  
**G. W. CISEL & CO.**  
GEORGETOWN, D. C.  
We manufacture other brands of High Grade Roller Process Flour that we sell at a very moderate figure to the trade, but for family use the WHITE LILY PATENT is not excelled by any flour on the market.  
We grind Maryland and Virginia wheat ENTIRELY, because long experience has taught us that it is the best in the United States.  
**G. W. CISEL & CO.,**  
ARLINGTON ROLLER MILLS,  
...GEORGETOWN, D. C.

**EDWARD L. GIES,**  
Attorney - at - Law,  
Rooms 32 and 33 Warder Building,  
S. E. Cor. F and 9th Streets N. W.,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
**FOR SALE.**  
Several tracts of land near Brightwood and Takoma, also Building Lots on Brightwood Ave., and 14th Street road. Louis P. Shoemaker, 920 F St., N. W.